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## THE OLD RELIABLE!

# M. FRANKEL AND SONS

Are always in the lead with **LOWEST PRICES AND BEST GOODS.** Don't fail to call on us if you want first-class goods at rock-bottom prices. Our stock is the largest ever brought to Hopkinsville, and comprises everything in the way of

**Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks and Valises!**

People wonder how we can sell goods so much cheaper than our competitors. It is simply this: Our Mr. Frankel is always in the market with the ready cash in his pocket, and takes advantage of bargains which is always given him by the wholesale merchants who run short of funds. Our clothing this season can not be surpassed. It is equal to any merchant tailoring goods in the country, having been made by the best merchant tailors in New York. We took advantage of the dull summer when tailors were idle, and had them make our goods at a very small expense, which enables us to give you Custom-Made Clothing at about one-half the original merchant tailoring price.

**DRY GOODS.**—Our entire stock of Dry goods was purchased early, before the great rush. It was selected with great care, and lacks nothing. The low prices at which we are selling them will astonish the very closest buyers.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**—This entire line was purchased direct from the factory at jobbers' prices, we are therefore able to sell them at same prices that other merchants pay.

**HATS AND CAPS.**—This department can not be equalled in this or any other section. We have everything that is made in the Hat or Cap line—all the latest styles for men, youths, boys and children.

The largest stock of Trunks and Valises can always be found at our mammoth establishment. We ask you to call and judge for yourself how cheap they are being sold.

In addition to our large and extensive retail department, we have opened an extensive **WHOLESALE ROOM**, where we always keep a large surplus stock for supplying country merchants. We will duplicate any Louisville, Cincinnati or Nashville prices. Country merchants would do well to call on us. Don't be led astray, but call and see what we advertise are plain facts. "The Old Reliable."

**M. FRANKEL & SONS.**

### SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A factory in Elmira, N. Y., "turns" out between two hundred and three hundred augers daily, and is the only industry of its kind in the State.

—A Georgia farmer, after making practical experiments, announces his belief that an acre of melons will yield as much syrup as one of sugar-cane, while the former does not tax the land near so heavily as the latter. The syrup has a peach flavor.

—We have in the Southern States in operation, or in course of erection, 191 cotton factories. This outnumbers by twenty-seven all the cotton factories in New England, outside of Massachusetts, and exceeds by sixteen the number in that State.—*Pulaski (Tenn.) Citizen.*

—A Maine man has invented and constructed a great improvement on the Indian birch canoe, being made of tin, and to avoid the great danger of upsetting or filling with water and sinking, or being swamped in rough water, he has conveniently arranged on either side a series of air-chambers.

—To remove fish-bones from the throat, Professor Vololini, of Breslau, recommends a gargle composed of muriatic acid, four parts; nitric acid, one part, and water, 240 parts. The teeth have to be protected by lard ointment. The fish-bones become flexible, and they disappear entirely after a short time.

—An invention has recently been made which provides an escape-door to be located at the side of railroad passenger-cars, to be used in case of accident when the doors at the ends of the car have been closed by the telescoping of the car, or by the abnormal abutment of the timbers from any cause. This door is hinged at the bottom, and the fastening appliances are so simple that any one, without previous instruction, can open it in case of accident.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—To build a ship so that in case of accident to the bow the stern half can be instantaneously separated from it, and can continue the voyage securely and easily on its own account, is the latest contribution to the list of safeguards against the dangers of the sea. The idea is that of a German inventor, and is set forth with some detail in the *Hamburg Courier*, which sees no reason why it should not be entirely feasible. It would require many departures from the present mode of building vessels, as well as from their internal arrangement and equipment; but the inventor asserts that, as a whole, a vessel so constructed could be fully as seaworthy and swift as any built on the present plan, and would be twice as secure against disaster.—*N. Y. Sun.*

### Our Sea Farms.

Prof. Huxley says that our deep-sea fisheries can never be exhausted. The entire catch of codfish on the coasts of Norway and the United States is but an insignificant fraction of the myriads of that fish which visit the northern shores of Northern Europe and Eastern North America. The annual catch of herring would not supply a week's consumption to an ordinary shoal of codfish, and yet as much herring is eaten by man as all other fish put together. An acre of water will supply more food for man than an acre of the best arable land. There is a shallow lagoon in the Adriatic Sea covering 70,000 acres of surface. For a great number of years it has added five hundred weight of fish to the acre—about double the quantity of food that can be derived from the most fertile land. Hence, oceans and deep seas can always be depended upon to supply unlimited quantities of food to mankind, no matter how dense the population of the globe may finally become. But this remark does not apply to in-shore, lake, and river fisheries. The supplies of salmon, shad, oysters, and lobsters can be reduced, unless the waters are intelligently restocked. Prof. Huxley paid a high compliment to the United States for the prudent treatment of its streams and coast lines in the restocking of delicious fish. The labors of Prof. Baird and his Fish Commission have been of immense benefit to the present generation, and will be of still greater advantage to the generations which are to follow.—*Demarest's Monthly.*

—There are more persons to a family in Georgia than in any other State, it is said.

### How Boston Newspapers Were Deceived.

Here is a mystery. In the announcements of Sunday services in the *Traveler* Saturday afternoon was a notice that Rev. Brooke Herford would preach at the Arlington Street Church on Sunday, and the text and the subject of the discourse were given. At the church on Sunday morning there was no sign of life except the presence of a number of persons who waited in vain for the church to be opened, and were not satisfied until it was proved to them that as Mr. Herford would not reach Boston from Europe for nearly two weeks, his preaching of the sermon announced in the *Arlington Street Church* on Sunday, September 9, would be an impossibility. All might have ended there with the verdict that the announcement was a mistake, but this morning a report appears in the *Herald* which begins:

"At the Arlington Street Church, in the forenoon, Rev. Brooke Herford preached upon the 'Christian Value of Business Life,' taking his text from Proverbs xlii: 29: 'Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before Kings.' The preacher began," etc. And then follows a half-column report of the sermon. The advertisement is easily accounted for, but what about the report of the sermon? Here is the best explanation that can be given. The *Commercial Bulletin* had in its possession a copy of the sermon in question, which was preached by Mr. Herford some time last spring. It was announced last week that the *Bulletin* would publish the sermon in full on Saturday. From that announcement must have come, in some way, the notice that the sermon would be delivered on Sunday. But how about the report? The only way to account for that is that the *Herald*, possessing a copy of the *Commercial Bulletin* of Saturday, made a neat abstract of the sermon, brought the time of its delivery down to date, after the fashion of recent Paris sermons received by cable, and published it.—*Boston Journal.*

### Remove the Old Canes of Raspberries.

Charles A. Green, one of the best fruit-growers, says he used to think it of little consequence when the old canes of black caps were removed. But recent experience and experiment has convinced him that they should be removed as soon as the fruit is gathered. The old canes may be cut easily with a sharp hook attached to a handle two feet long, and after they are removed and burned the field may be more freely cultivated than if they were still in the way.

But aside from this, the old canes appear to draw on the vitality of the plant and seriously affect its subsequent capacity for bearing fruit. It is now held by scientific men that a dead branch exhausts the vitality of the tree as much as though alive. The dead canes on raspberry bushes would appear to affect them in like manner. Bushes not cleared of old canes produce small, defective, crumbling specimens. The first year or two the bushes are not so seriously affected. Hereafter we will trim ours as soon as the fruit is gathered, sweep them out of the spaces between rows with a one-horse rake, similar to a steel-toothed hay-rake but very short and no wheels, and save the ashes.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—It is easy to perceive why bees can not thrive well on a sheep pasture. Sheep eat everything down very closely, and leave nothing in the shape of a flower upon which bees can subsist. There is no other reason for the popular belief that sheep and bees will not thrive together. The bees will not hurt the sheep in any way, but the sheep leave nothing for the bees to pasture in; that is the only difficulty, and where other feeding ground is provided for the bees than the sheep pasture, sheep and bees would thrive very well together.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A short time ago a little boy went with his father to see a colt. He patted the colt's head and made quite a fuss over it, until the stableman told him to be careful that the colt did not turn round and kick him. When young Hopewell went home his mother asked him what he thought of the colt. "I like him pretty well," was the reply. "He's very tame in front, but he's awful wild behind."—*Harper's Bazar.*

### PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—In six months 7,658 books in the German language have been published, making an average of 45 works a day.

—A Mrs. Cox, who is said to be a sister of George W. Cable, the novelist, is making a reputation for herself in New Orleans as a painter of animals.

—"Shakespeare's Bones" is the uncanny title of a volume by Dr. Ingleby, who, despite the poet's curse, wants to dig up his bones in order to settle some questions about the busts, portraits and death-masks.—*Chicago Journal.*

—C. P. Huntington, the great railroad magnate, was a poor boy and a hard-working young man. He did not begin to accumulate his immense fortune until he was past forty, when he staked all his savings on the scheme of the Pacific Railroad.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Mr. John R. French, ex-Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, is delivering throughout the country a lecture entitled "Ten Years About the Senate." It contains a series of interesting and clear-cut sketches of the leading Senators during the period between 1869 and 1879.

—The domestic life of Etelke Gerster shows that she is a home-loving woman as well as a great artist. Her uncle, Anton Gerster, is a carpenter in Prospect Park, New York, and he says, notwithstanding the fact that she has been fettered by all the principal potentates in the world, she has not grown proud and is just the same as he knew her when a child.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—A gentleman who was very intimate with the late Judge Black says the dead jurist's literary productions will be published in book form, and will comprise three large volumes. The first volume was ready for publication before his death, and the others will probably be compiled soon. Literary men are already familiar with the great force displayed in everything the eminent jurist wrote, and will welcome these volumes as valuable acquisitions to their libraries.—*Detroit Post.*

### HUMOROUS.

—The following is extracted from a smart boy's composition on "Babies": "The mother's heart gives 4th joy at the baby's 1st 2th."

—Because there is much laudanum drinking in England fears are entertained that opium smoking will increase. Laudanum has a way of making people too tired to smoke or do anything else.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Wives ought really to be more careful about telling all the truth to their husbands. "Why do you start so whenever I come into the room?" asked a brusque man of his better-half. "It is only my nerves, my poor nerves," she replied, "which are so very weak that I am startled by every stupid thing I see."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Chorus of excited boys: "Then the lightning struck you?" Skipper (indifferently): "Oh, yes, I was leaning against the mainmast when it struck it." Excited boys: "Didn't it kill you?" Skipper (more indifferently): "Well, no; it all ran down my back." Excited boys: "And what did you do then?" Skipper (most indifferently): "I had to haul off my boots and pour the lightning out on the deck."

—Why do you put those horrid things on the necks of those cows?" asked the young lady-boarder of Farmer Furrow, as he was driving a yoke of oxen down the lane. "That's to make 'em keep still while I'm milkin' 'em," said the old man, as he winked at his wife. "Oh, yes!" exclaimed the city maiden; "I ought to have known that." Then she ran up-stairs to enter the information in her diary.—*N. Y. Dairy.*

—How It Struck Her.—A little ragged orphan girl, who never had a home nor known a parent's care, and who, with shivering feet and halting head, newspapers sold to earn her scanty bread, was taken from the city far away. With others of her kind, one summer day, to look upon the ocean. At the sight of the sea, she was filled with grave doubts. And some one said: "I wonder what can be Her thoughts, poor child, about this mighty sea." She heard the words, and quickly turned her head. And in low tones, "I'm thinkin', ma'am," she said. "I've died I come, because I never see enough of anything at wunst before."—*Margaret Rydings.*

### How Granite Columns are Polished.

The word "granite" generally conveys the idea of roughness, coarseness and solidity. The idea of finish, smoothness and polish does not, in the popular mind, belong to the material. But most kinds of granite are susceptible of a beautiful and almost faultless surface finish. The effect of this finish in contrast with the hammered faced granite, on monuments where a tablet is surface polished, or lines of lettering are in brilliant contrast with the dull gray of the unpolished stone, is very fine, especially so when the shafts of columns are thus finished, the bases being hammered and the capitals carved. As this finish can now be obtained by machinery at a low cost, the possibilities of obdurate granite for ornamental as well as for building purposes have been greatly enlarged.

Granite columns, vases and similar cylindrical ornaments are polished in a lathe. This differs but little from an ordinary machinist's lathe, except that a continuous bed is not necessary to hold the lathe heads, that the spindle of the foot stock revolves as well as that of the head stock, and that no tool carriage and appurtenances are required. The head-stock is furnished, like that of the ordinary back-gear lathe, with a back shaft, on which is the driving pulley, or the cone of step pulleys, from which the spindle is driven by means of a gear and pinion, the surface speed of a column under process of grinding and polishing being from 230 to 240 feet per minute, and to a twelve-inch column about seventy-seven turns per minute and to a thirty-six-inch column about twenty-five turns per minute.

To center and swing a column in the lathe the stone has a square recess cut in each end, into which is fitted a block of cast iron with round hole through its center. The place of this block is found by means of a cross of wood with sliding arms on each of the four limbs of the cross, the arms projecting over the surface of the column longitudinally, and when equidistant from the center denoting the place of the center block, so that the true center of the column or shaft is found, just as it is on an iron shaft, from the circumference. The iron block is secured in place by a running of Rabbit metal, or a similar unshrinking compound, around it. The centers of the lathe spindles fit the holes in the blocks, and when swung to the lathe the column is rotated by means of a lag or dog on the face plate engaging with one seated in the end of the column.

Back of the lathe is a wall of plank against which rest the ends of a number of iron blocks, three or four inches diameter, long enough to project over the column and to have their rear ends resting against the bulkhead or wall. Their under sides are concave to embrace the column one-fourth of its diameter or less, and as the motion of the column in grinding is reverse to that of the ordinary lathe, the blocks are held against the wall by the rotation of the column. These blocks are arranged closely by side, and when the column is first worked its irregularities of encasing and unevenness of contour make these blocks play up and down like the movement of pianoforte keys under the fingers of a performer. But as the grinding progresses this irregular movement becomes a very slight undulation, pleasant to see.

A trough runs under the column its entire length, and from it an attendant shovels beach sand and water on to the revolving column, the blocks with their concave faces acting as grinders, just as the hinged scrapers of the machinists are used in polishing a turned shaft. And like the clamps, the series of blocks are occasionally pushed along one-half of their width to avoid rings of roughness. This quartz sand is used until all the bruises, "stunts," and chisel marks are taken out, and the surface shows a uniform color. Then the trough is cleaned and emery of the numbers forty to sixty, according to the quality of the stone, is weighed out in the proportion of about half a pound to every superficial foot; thus a column of ten feet in length by three feet diameter—ninety superficial feet—would require from forty-five to fifty pounds. This is all weighed out at one time, and is never added to during the entire process. Mixed with water, it is fed to the grinders by the shovelful, over and over, until the grinding is entirely completed. The reason for this is evident from the fact that, in using, the emery becomes ground up and

mixed with the *debris* of the granite and the particles of the iron blocks or grinders, and after a time is a pasty mass, losing much of its original sharp grittiness. If, now, fresh, unused emery was added, the effect would be to scratch the half-finished surface. When the grinding is finished the common cast iron grinding blocks are removed and others are substituted having their embracing under sides faced with felt. To these is fed the ordinary marble polish of oxide of tin and water until the surface of the column shines like glass and reflects like a mirror. The entire time required to polish granite columns—dependent on the exactness of their chiseling—is from forty to fifty hours, diameter and length making but little change, as the work is simultaneous and the surface speed a constant.—*Scientific American.*

### Foretold His Death.

Dr. Frank L. Rea, assistant demonstrator of Anatomy in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, died on Friday at the residence of his uncle, Dr. R. L. Rea, No. 112 Monroe street, of malignant facial carbuncle. When quite a young man he came to this city, and entering the Chicago Medical College, graduated in 1882 with high honors. He was elected upon competitive examination an intern of St. Luke's Hospital, where he remained until the expiration of his term of service in April of the present year. Soon after leaving the hospital he was appointed assistant demonstrator of Anatomy in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and also an attending physician to the West Side free dispensary.

His death, by its cause, has attracted a great deal of attention from medical men in the city. The history of his affliction was related to a reporter for the *Times* by one of his associates. On Tuesday, the 31st of July, he was sitting in his office, when he observed a pricking sensation on the left side of his upper lip. He went down stairs to a druggist, and asked him to pluck a hair out of his mustache over the place of the pain. The druggist complied with the request, and when he had plucked the hair Rea looked at its bulbous end and said: "Mr. Jacobson, that is the last of me. It is a facial carbuncle. I will look up my office bid you good-by, and go home to die." The druggist laughed at him, but the young physician locked his door and went away, leaving a card that he did not know when he would return. He went at once to his uncle's house and told him what he had experienced, adding the remark: "I am done for. I will never have another well day and will be dead in ten days." The family laughed at him, and he retorted by drawing out his diary and writing the following: "Carbuncle started on my lip. I know what it means. No post-mortem, if you please." Beneath the entry were two numbers corresponding to pages in a standard author in which the remarkable fatality of the disease is spoken of. The doctor had got his intimate acquaintance of the disease by treating the case of a fellow student, Mr. Eagle, which ended fatally at the hospital a year ago. After making the entry he persisted in talking of his approaching death and made all his plans. Everything was done to distract his attention, but without avail. The sore was opened and cauterized a week ago last Friday. Another pimple appeared about the same time on the other side of his lip. A day or two afterward it was opened and cauterized. The disease remained indifferent for a day or two. The temperature then arose to 104 and the pulse to 140. He went to his bed on Monday and was in a comatose condition from then until he died, five days later. Death was due to the facial veins absorbing the poison of the sore and carrying it to the brain, where it formed a fungus growth that put him to sleep, and by the sympathy of the nerves caused his features to swell beyond recognition, the eyes being pried almost out of the sockets.—*Chicago Times.*

—Officers ransacked a house for hours in vain at Lake View Canada, without finding the murderer whom they sought. The man was all the while lying under a heap of soiled linen in the middle of the kitchen floor, and when he thought that his pursuers had departed he emerged in their presence.

### HOME AND FARM.

—A delicate way to vary the invalid's daily toast is to heat a little clear, sweet cream and dip the toast into it.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Spice Cakes: One cup butter, one of sugar, one-half cup molasses, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one of ginger, one of caraway seed, nutmeg, one spoonful soda, flour to roll.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A gill of strong green tea is said to be a specific for sheep poisoned by eating laurel. A farmer who has used this remedy many years says he has saved hundreds of sheep by it.—*Exchange.*

—Butter Pie: Cover the pie-plate with crust as for custard pie; take a piece of butter the size of an egg, one cup of sugar, one cup sweet cream, one teaspoonful flour; mix butter, flour and sugar together, add cream, bake till brown.—*Detroit Post.*

—Fruit growers should remember that black knot on the plum is most effectively cured by prompt use of the knife, cutting away all diseased parts, which should be burned. Cut below the affected portions. If neglected loss of the tree will surely follow.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Imperfect sweet apples, which are not suitable to bake whole, may be made a delicious dish. Pare and slice the best part of the apples, put them in a pudding-dish, add enough water to cover them; when tender serve with sugar and cream.

—An experienced farmer says that oats should be soaked sufficiently to swell before feeding them to stock. When soaked the husk is partly torn away, and facility of digestion increased. Poultry will carefully pick out the soaked grains from the dry when allowed a preference in the matter.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: "A heavy crop of clover is sure death to daisies. They seem to be smothered by the ranker growth of clover, and fail to mature their seeds. In a field where there is a growth of daisies a generous use of fertilizers, especially of barnyard manure, and keeping the field seeded to clover, using an extra quantity of seed for this purpose, and breaking up every two years, cultivating for awhile and again seeding to clover thickly, will finally eradicate the daisies."

—Hearken to me now, all lovers of good things. Make a layer cake after this rule: One-half cup of butter, two cups of sugar, the whites of four eggs, one cup of sweet milk, two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and three cups of sifted flour; bake in layers; spread between these layers peaches cut in very thin slices; then pour over these sweet cream whipped to a stiff froth and sweetened with pulverized sugar. Of course this cake will not keep, but should be made the day it is to be eaten, and it is better not to put the peaches and cream in until a little while before the cake is to be served.—*N. Y. Post.*

### Sweet Corn.

—To keep sweet corn in good condition it should be husked as soon as gathered, and then placed in an ice-chest until wanted for cooking. When left in the husk the juices of the grain are gradually absorbed by the husk, and then the people say the corn is not sweet this year. Market farmers gather corn in the afternoon, pack it into barrels and load into wagons, where it is left all night ready for an early start in the morning. Under these circumstances the corn frequently heats, and the corn is greatly injured. Some day corn will be husked as gathered, and brought to market in refrigerator wagons, and then city people will have corn as good as that eaten by their friends who have gardens of their own. Corn thus treated may be kept in a refrigerator for a week without loss of its good qualities.—*Boston Post.*

—Miss Ella Maloy, of Milford, N. Y., had a matinee recently that will dwell in her memory as long as life abideth in her body. During a storm, lightning struck her on the feet, knocking her senseless. Her shoes were torn off her and flung some distance away. The fluid then ran up her body, removing her clothing as it went, cut off her hair as though it had been done with a pair of shears, singed her eyebrows, and then went on its merry way rejoicing. Miss Maloy was considerably burned but not fatally.—*N. Y. Graphic.*